

BOXALL AND MATTHIE

New Goods and Low Prices

Builders

Sanitary Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating, Fence work, Roofing, etc., Nails, Hinges, Locks, Sheet-Paper and carpenter supplies at prices that will save you money.

Mills and Factories

High-grade Machine Oils, Babbit Metal, Rainbow, Garlock, Asbestos, Belipse and Wick Packing, Valves, Discs, Iron and Brass Fittings, Black and Galvanized Iron Pipe, Rope, Cans, Hooks, Peavies, etc.

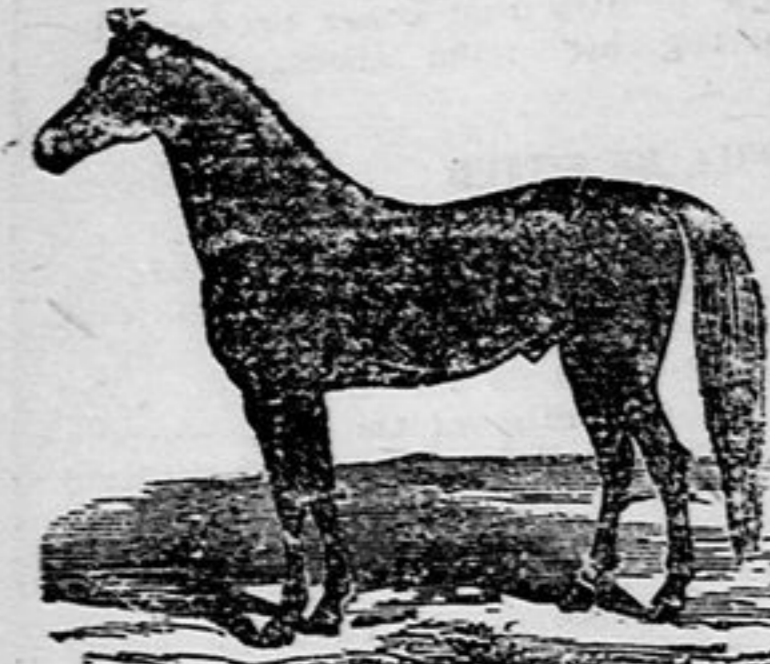
Housekeepers

Graniteware, Homemade and Factory Towels, high-grade Stoves at cheap prices; hot-water-heating goods such as Alabastine, Jills, one, Whiting, Robert, son's Mixed Paints, Varnish, Oils and other kinds of paints, Paint Brushes, stoves, scrub and Kalsomine Hair Brooms, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Stair Ladders, Carpet Felt, Milk Cans, Cream Cans and Pails, Farmers' Fine Wire, Sades, Shovels, Forks, Rakes, Hoes, Picks.

Job Work Promptly Attended to

Boxall & Matthie

The Standard-Bred Stallion



Keswick 10144

Jay Gould 2 1/2. Arnetta By Hambletonian 10. By young Jim 2000. Record 2:18 1/4; bred at Castleton Stock Farm, Lexington, Kentucky. Will make the season of 1901 at his own stable, 172 Kent-st., west, Lindsay. TERMS \$15.

IT WILL PAY

If you intend building this season to consult me before making contracts. I have an up-to-date planing mill, and can supply everything that is needed for house-building at the very lowest prices. The best workmen, the driest lumber and satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Enlarged premises, and new machinery just added. All orders turned out promptly.

The Lindsay Planing Factory. **GEORGE INGLE**

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Opening Navigation THURSDAY, May 2nd.

Steamship "ATHABASCA" will leave OWEN SOUND about 1:30 p.m. on arrival of train due to leave Toronto at 8:25 a.m.

EVERY SATURDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY, following Steamship

"MANITOBA" "ALBERTA" and "ATHABASCA"

Will leave OWEN SOUND on arrival of above train. Further particulars later.

A. H. NOTMAN, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 2 King-st. East, Toronto.

T. C. MATCHETT, Agt. C.P.R. OFFICE - - - KENT STREET

Lindsay Marble Works

ROBERT CHAMBERS is prepared to furnish the people of Lindsay and surrounding country with MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES, both Marble and Granite.

Estimates promptly given on all kinds of cemetery requisites. Marble Table Tops, Wash Tops, Mantle Pieces, etc., a specialty.

Being a practical workman, all should see his designs and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WORKS - In the rear of the Market on Cambridge-st., opp. the Packlog House. ROBT CHAMBERS

A DESPERATE DUEL.

NO SURGEONS NOR SECONDS IN ATTENDANCE AT THIS FIGHT.

The Story of How "Bulldog" Kelly and Mahone the Stockman Settled Their Little Affair of Honor on the Lonely Plains.

If French gentlemen thirsting for each other's gore really wish to know how to fight for honor's sake, let them visit Medicine Hat and hear the story of how "Bulldog" Kelly and Mahone the stockman fought for theirs. It is only necessary to say of Kelly that once in his life he figured in a celebrated international law controversy which the then secretary of state, Thomas F. Bayard, ended. His mother was a friend of John A. Logan. Mahone was nothing more nor less than a frontier cattleman. He met Kelly first at Calgary, where in a dispute over cards an enmity arose between them. Subsequently they clashed in the Medicine Hat country, and Mahone wrongfully accused Kelly of stealing stock. Kelly would have killed him then and there but for the interference of the Canadian mounted police. Subsequently one of these policemen suggested to him that he challenge Mahone to a duel and that they have it out alone. Kelly evidently thought well of the suggestion, for a day or two later, meeting Mahone in that isolated and abused town, Medicine Hat, he quietly told him that he would meet him the next morning as the sun rose on the Tortured trail and prove to him with a gun that he was not a thief. Mahone nodded his head in acceptance of the defiance, and that was all there was to the challenge.

Kelly slept in a ranchhouse that night but was up before dawn saddling his horse. He carried for arms two six shooters and a short blitted bear knife. He rode away from the ranch in the heavy darkness before daybreak, headed for the Tortured trail. He was a six footer, sandy haired, heavy jawed and called "Bulldog" because he had once pitted himself against an animal of that title and whipped him in a free fight. His courage was extreme from the nature of his point of view. To illustrate this, years after this event, when he was on trial for his life in a murder case, he was instructed by his attorney to kill one of the witnesses against him in the courtroom if he attempted to give certain testimony. "You listen to him," said the attorney, "and if he tries to testify as to certain things let him have it."

Kelly, as a prisoner, entered the courtroom with a knife up his sleeve, and he sat through all the proceedings with his eyes on the man he was to watch. The latter grew restless and when he took the stand broke down completely and did not aid the prosecution at all. He divined without knowing it that if he testified as the prosecution believed he would Kelly would then and there end him. And this all took place not in a frontier court, but in a court of the United States government.

Well, Kelly rode down the trail as gay in spirit as a man of his nature could be. He did not whistle, for whistling men are rarely brutal. But he abused his horse, and that was the best of evidence that he felt well. He watched the dark hang closer and closer to the plain grasses, the stars grow less brilliant until suddenly in the east it was as if a curtain was drawn up and the day came with the call of wild birds and a wind which rose from the west to meet the sun. He glanced toward Medicine Hat and from that point, out of the black and gray of the hour, rode Mahone, armed as his opponent was. They were a mile apart when they recognized each other. Kelly reined in his horse and waited. Mahone came on. No surgeons nor seconds were in attendance. Medicine Hat was asleep. Mahone drew nearer, moving a little to the left, as if to circle about Kelly. The latter suddenly dropped under his horse's neck and fired. His bullet just clipped the mane of Mahone's horse. Mahone gave a wild whoop and fashion and looking for an opening. Both horses were now in motion, and the shots came thick and fast. Kelly's animal went down first, screaming from a bullet through his lungs. His rider intrenched behind him. Mahone made a charge and lost his own horse, besides getting a bullet through his left arm. He, too, intrenched. In a few moments the forehead of Kelly and filled his eyes with blood. He wiped himself off and tied a handkerchief over the mark.

Each was afraid to start out from his horse, but in the course of half an hour their ammunition was exhausted, and then they threw their pistols from them and came toward each other through the grass with their knives out. Kelly now had two good wounds and Mahone had been shot three times. They visibly staggered as they played for the first chance to close in. At last the knives crossed, and Kelly got the first thrust and missed, for which awkwardness Mahone gave him a savage cut. They backed and stabbed at each other until neither could move, and the small population of Medicine Hat, getting wind of what was going on, rode out and brought them in for medical attendance. Kelly, besides his bullet wounds, had 14 knife cuts and Mahone had 15. They were put to bed in the same room, and the same doctor attended both. For days they lay almost touching each other, and neither spoke. Medicine Hat had been unable to decide which had the better of the fight, and it seemed as if it would be resumed if both lived to recover. But one morning Mahone raised himself painfully from his mattress, and he put out his hand to Kelly and said:

"You ain't no thief. You're game." And Kelly covered the hand with his own, and they shook. That settled their feud. They were under the doctor's care for three months, but when able to get out rode away to Medicine Hat together the best of friends.

That was a real fight, the only kind of a fight that a real man goes into if he is going to fight at all. It was a pity that Kelly did not hold his courage afterward for better uses. He became involved in one of the most brutal murders known to the Calgary region, escaped the hangman's noose by technicalities and finally in Nebraska or Wyoming fell off a box-car one night and was ground to pieces by the wheels of a transcontinental freight.

Mahone never fought again.

Force of Habit.

Mr. Halst—I want a couple of eggs, boiled three and a half minutes, and hurry up about it, for I've got to catch—

Waiter—All right, sir. They'll be ready in a minute.

LIBERTY AND ADAM.

Mark Twain Thought the Latter More Deserving of a Monument.

In December, 1883, Mark Twain, with other famous men, was asked to contribute an autograph letter to an album that was to be raffled for at the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund Art Loan exhibition. Here is Twain's letter:

"You know my weakness for Adam, and you know how I have struggled to get him a monument and failed. Now, it seems to me, here is my chance. What do we care for a statue of Liberty when we've got the thing itself in its wildest sublimity? What you want of a monument is to keep you in mind of something you've lost. Very well. We haven't lost Liberty, we've lost Adam.

"Another thing, what has Liberty done for us? Nothing in particular that I know of. What have we done for her? Everything. We've given her a home and a good home too. And if she knows anything she knows it's the first time she ever struck that novelty. She knows that when we took her in she had been a mere tramp for 6,000 years, Biblical measure. Yes, and we not only ended her troubles and made things soft for her permanently, but we made her respectable, and that she hadn't ever been before. And now, after we've poured out these Atlantic benefits upon this aged outcast, to behold you, we are asked to come forward and set up a monument to her! Go to! Let her set up a monument to us if she wants to do the clean thing.

"But suppose your statue represented her old, bent, clothed in rags, downcast, shamefaced, with the insults and humiliation of 6,000 years, imploring a crust and an hour's rest for God's sake, at our back door? Come, now you're shouting! That's the aspect of her which we need to be reminded of, lest we forget it, that she rode away from the ranch in the heavy darkness before daybreak, headed for the Tortured trail. He was a six footer, sandy haired, heavy jawed and called "Bulldog" because he had once pitted himself against an animal of that title and whipped him in a free fight. His courage was extreme from the nature of his point of view. To illustrate this, years after this event, when he was on trial for his life in a murder case, he was instructed by his attorney to kill one of the witnesses against him in the courtroom if he attempted to give certain testimony.

"You listen to him," said the attorney, "and if he tries to testify as to certain things let him have it."

Kelly, as a prisoner, entered the courtroom with a knife up his sleeve, and he sat through all the proceedings with his eyes on the man he was to watch. The latter grew restless and when he took the stand broke down completely and did not aid the prosecution at all. He divined without knowing it that if he testified as the prosecution believed he would Kelly would then and there end him. And this all took place not in a frontier court, but in a court of the United States government.

Well, Kelly rode down the trail as gay in spirit as a man of his nature could be. He did not whistle, for whistling men are rarely brutal. But he abused his horse, and that was the best of evidence that he felt well. He watched the dark hang closer and closer to the plain grasses, the stars grow less brilliant until suddenly in the east it was as if a curtain was drawn up and the day came with the call of wild birds and a wind which rose from the west to meet the sun. He glanced toward Medicine Hat and from that point, out of the black and gray of the hour, rode Mahone, armed as his opponent was. They were a mile apart when they recognized each other. Kelly reined in his horse and waited. Mahone came on. No surgeons nor seconds were in attendance. Medicine Hat was asleep. Mahone drew nearer, moving a little to the left, as if to circle about Kelly. The latter suddenly dropped under his horse's neck and fired. His bullet just clipped the mane of Mahone's horse. Mahone gave a wild whoop and fashion and looking for an opening. Both horses were now in motion, and the shots came thick and fast. Kelly's animal went down first, screaming from a bullet through his lungs. His rider intrenched behind him. Mahone made a charge and lost his own horse, besides getting a bullet through his left arm. He, too, intrenched. In a few moments the forehead of Kelly and filled his eyes with blood. He wiped himself off and tied a handkerchief over the mark.

Each was afraid to start out from his horse, but in the course of half an hour their ammunition was exhausted, and then they threw their pistols from them and came toward each other through the grass with their knives out. Kelly now had two good wounds and Mahone had been shot three times. They visibly staggered as they played for the first chance to close in. At last the knives crossed, and Kelly got the first thrust and missed, for which awkwardness Mahone gave him a savage cut. They backed and stabbed at each other until neither could move, and the small population of Medicine Hat, getting wind of what was going on, rode out and brought them in for medical attendance. Kelly, besides his bullet wounds, had 14 knife cuts and Mahone had 15. They were put to bed in the same room, and the same doctor attended both. For days they lay almost touching each other, and neither spoke. Medicine Hat had been unable to decide which had the better of the fight, and it seemed as if it would be resumed if both lived to recover. But one morning Mahone raised himself painfully from his mattress, and he put out his hand to Kelly and said:

"You ain't no thief. You're game." And Kelly covered the hand with his own, and they shook. That settled their feud. They were under the doctor's care for three months, but when able to get out rode away to Medicine Hat together the best of friends.

That was a real fight, the only kind of a fight that a real man goes into if he is going to fight at all. It was a pity that Kelly did not hold his courage afterward for better uses. He became involved in one of the most brutal murders known to the Calgary region, escaped the hangman's noose by technicalities and finally in Nebraska or Wyoming fell off a box-car one night and was ground to pieces by the wheels of a transcontinental freight.

Mahone never fought again.

Force of Habit.

Mr. Halst—I want a couple of eggs, boiled three and a half minutes, and hurry up about it, for I've got to catch—

Waiter—All right, sir. They'll be ready in a minute.

The Bise Danube.

Among the most important rivers in Europe is the Danube; in fact, it is the second river. It has a length of 1,700 miles; it and its tributaries drain a valley having an area of over 300,000 square miles. Many nations live along its banks and those of the rivers which flow into it, and nearly 30 dialects are spoken from its source to its mouth. It rises in the Black forest to the north of Switzerland and almost in sight of the French frontier. Through Bavaria and Austria it flows into the Danube, and thence to the south and east, past Serbia and Bulgaria, Roumania and Roumelia, while tributaries flow in from Bosnia and Macedonia on the south and Poland on the north, so that practically the valley of the Danube comprises the most important portion of eastern Europe.

It runs through the battleground of civilization and savagery. Here the Romans contended with the Scythians and the Huns; here the Greek empire strove to maintain its supremacy over the hordes of savage tribes which came down from the steppes of Russia; here, after the empire of the east faded away, Charlemagne contended with savage tribes of semi-Asiatics; here all Europe fought the Turks for generation after generation, until by a great battle fought under the walls of Vienna the flood of the Mohammedan invasion was rolled back toward Asia.

Fooling the Spirits.

The custom of boys wearing earrings in China is thus popularly explained by the Chinese: The boy is the greatest blessing that heaven can send. The spirits like boy babies. It is natural that they should; everybody likes them. Very often, if the boy babies are not watched closely, the spirits who are constantly around, grab him off to their home. Girl babies are not such blessings, and the spirits care nothing for them. The earring is a feminine ornament, and the spirits know that; so the Chinese mothers have the ears of their boy babies pierced and put in huge earrings. When the spirits are around looking for boys, they will see the earrings and be fooled into thinking the boys are girls and will pass on and not trouble them.

Freckles.

Is a freckled face indicative of consumption? It has been suspected, remarks a medical journal, that a remarkable propensity to freckle is often coincident with tendency to scrofula or tuberculosis. It is most certain that such proneness is associated with the temperament of the individual as shown by color of eyes and hair. Freckles are, as a rule, conspicuous only in the clear skins of children and young persons. In adults they either are not often present or are comparatively inconspicuous. An observation of some interest has, however, recently been made that they are liable to return in senile periods and to assume infective characters.

While They Have Youth.

Miss Gotham—I understand young May Breezy of your city is to be married this month. Do you girls in Chicago usually marry so early?

Miss Jackson Parke—Oh, yes! The earlier the better, you know! Philadelphia North America.

A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE.

Aeronauts in the Heart of a Thundercloud Escape Unhurt.

To be in the very heart of a thundercloud and escape unharmed is an unusual feat of a unique experience. That is what happened to the Rev. John M. Bacon and some companions in one of his balloon ascensions from Newbury, England. Mr. Bacon, in telling of his experience, says: "In scarcely more than 20 minutes from the start a sudden and surprising change took place in our circumstances. Our environment calm and clear, began abruptly to change with the rapidity of a transfiguration scene. Below us the few hundred feet that separated us from earth began filling in with a blue haze quite transparent, but growing palpably filthier, while ahead, as also to right and left, the horizon at the level of our eye and higher opposed a dense fog barrier of an ashen hue. Overhead of course the sky view was entirely hidden by the huge silken globe. At this time we were being swept along on our course, which remained sensibly unaltered in direction, at a speed which we subsequently were able to fix at approximately 40 miles an hour.

"To ourselves the fall significance of these circumstances was not immediately apparent, but the outlookers at our point of departure—the town gas works, now some five miles in our wake—clearly detected the approach of a heavy thunder pack and, as they reasonably asserted, coming against the wind. It towered above the balloon, now seen projected plainly against its face. It towered rapidly and assumed formidable proportions. The balloon was apparently no great distance, and at approximately no great distance overhead the thundercloud was progressing at a moderate velocity not accurately determined, but due east or directly opposed to the surface current.

"And now with a whistle a blinding sheet of hail attacked the aeronauts, stinging their faces so sharply as to give the idea that the stones were falling from a great height, and immediately afterward from all sides and close around flashes of lightning shot out with remarkable frequency and vividness. We were, in fact, fairly embosomed in the thundercloud. Other and near observers narrowly watched the phases of phenomena now in progress. These were the countrymen who became interested spectators and who presently came to our assistance. They seemed to have imagined that the balloon must be infallibly struck, inasmuch as it appeared to them completely encircled with lightning. It was indeed the worst storm the countryside had known for many years. At Devizes, only a few miles ahead, it lasted for five hours continuously. A little way on our right a house was struck and burned to the ground, and on our left a couple of soldiers were killed on Salisbury plain.

"Though the storm progressed, it also appeared to lag behind the wind that bore it along. It did not seem to advance against us as a whole, but rather about us, forming itself out of what a few moments before had appeared mere empty and transparent air."

The lightning as seen by the people in the balloon seemed to leap from cloud to cloud and not from the clouds to the earth, and the noise of the thunder consisted of short, sharp reports like the explosions of gun cotton without any of the rolling reverberations heard on the earth. The aeronauts passed through the thunderstorm uninjured, but it was trying to the nerves. The question is, "With the lightning playing all around it and houses and men being struck on the earth below, why was not the balloon demolished by a thunderbolt?"

The Ring and the Cross.

The form of cross known distinctively as Irish and consisting of a circle surrounding and binding together the head of the cross is in all probability but a representation of the ancient Milesian standard—a serpent twisted about a crossed staff. Such crosses, rudely wrought in stone, have been found in pagan cemeteries and are probably relics of the serpent worshippers. The form, which is a very beautiful one, was retained by the early Christians with many other memorials of paganism. Upon these crosses the most beautiful and intricate sculpture was subsequently lavished; specimens fortunately remain to us of the celebrated cross of Com and those of Monasterboice, one of which is 27 feet in height. A monkish manuscript informs us that the body of the cross represented salvation and the circle everlasting life, but this was also symbolized by the serpent, of which the circle was undoubtedly a pagan representation.

Taking No Chances.

A young man took his gold watch to a fashionable Chestnut street jewelry establishment to have the photograph of a young woman placed in the case. He just wanted it mounted in. "Why don't you have it photographed directly on the inside of the case?" asked the salesman. "We can have it done for you for \$5, and it is so much more artistic."

No; the young man didn't want that. He thought it would be well enough to have it pasted in. "You see, you can't always tell about these things," he finally said, in a burst of confidence. "You can't always tell how they are going to turn out or how long they are going to last. A friend of mine had his girl's picture photographed on his watch, and then, after awhile, the whole thing was declared off. It put him to a lot of trouble, embarrassment and expense. When it's just pasted in, if anything happens all you have to do is just scrape it off. I guess I'll do this pasted in."

Quickly Disposed Of.

Agent—I am an expert machinist, madam, and called to see if you had any sewing machines in the house that you wished to have repaired.

Sharp Featured Female—Indeed! So you're looking for a breach of promise suit, are you?

Agent—I don't quite understand you. Sharp Featured Female—Don't, eh? Well, I happen to be the only sewing machine in this house, and as I'm a widow as well I've got the right to look upon your remark as a proposal.

A gleam of comprehension flashed across the agent's face, and with one glance at the "machine" he skipped.

A Born Diplomat.

Two young ladies were conversing with an Irishman, when one of them asked: "Pat, which of us do you think is the older?"

"Faith," replied the gallant son of Erin, "you both look younger than each other."

R. B. Allan & Co. LINDSAY

Are showing one of the most complete and Fashionable Stocks of

Millinery and Dress Goods

ever shown in Lindsay

Ladies Spring Suits in Great Variety Parasols, Hosiery and Gloves

IN BLACK DRESS GOODS

We lead the trade and show a large stock of all kinds of Plain and Figured Black Dress Goods at popular prices.

House Furnishings Curtains and Carpets

LACE CURTAINS

ranging in price from 25c up to \$4.00 per pair. You will save money by buying your House Furnishings from us.

Also a complete stock of MEN'S and BOY'S CLOTHING

R. B. ALLAN & CO.,

Opp. Post Office, Lindsay

Nothing Succeeds Like Success

AND SUCCESS WE HAVE HAD WITH OUR HIGH-GRADE FOOT-WEAR. Our Fine Shoes are the pick of the market. We reject a shoe for what some people would consider a trifle. You get the benefit of our careful selection; worth something isn't it.

Mens' Fine Box Calf lace boots, Good-year welted soles, made on the most up-to-date lasts, graceful appearance, comfort and durability are not sacrificed. Prices \$2.75, 3.00, 3.50 and 4.00.

Now because we lead in fine goods does not mean that our medium or cheaper lines are not up to the standard in point of quality. Speaking advisedly we think we are showing the best range of low priced shoes in Lindsay.

Mens' working boots, sizes (6 to 11) all solid, extra quality upper, regular price \$1 to 1.10, our price 85c.

Mens' fine Dongola lace boots, sold everywhere at \$1.35, to 1.50, our price only \$1.

Boys' whole cut upper Boston calf lace boots, sizes 1 to 5, regular \$1.25, our price \$1.

Robinson & Ewart

Cash LINDSAY One-Price